# AN OUTING IN FRANCE.

## DISCOVERIES MADE BY AMERICANS IN THE COUNTRY.

SCEAUX, near Paris, Sept. 27.—We are in in the midst of the grape season, eating grapes, not drinking grapes.

They are the kind of sweet, half meaty yellow grapes you buy in Paris by the pound for 16 cents when labelled "Fontainebleau," and down to six cents when not labelled. In autumn the great industry of Sceaux is labelling Sceaux grapes "Fontainebleaux." In springtime Sceaux is occupied, in the same way, miscalling Sceaux strawberries Belgian.

In springtime the landscape is all pink and perfumed with strawberries, growing in great fields without a sign of fences. Come in autumn, and the greens and blues and yellows of the vineyards will stir in you a new poetic yearning.

I yearned the first time; and as there was no fence I stepped from the road to choose my bunch. At the same moment there popped up from somewhere a hefty old soldier flourishing a glittering sword.

"We told you not to," said a lady of the party. "Now you are in for a *procès-verbal!*"

"Who is the sword bearer?" I asked, "and why does he swing that dangerous weapon?"

"He is a *garde champêtre*," she said briefly; and for sure they are a curious institution.

For the most part they are veteran soldiers retired from the active service and employed by thousands in all parts of rural France in this strange kind of police duty. They wear military caps and trousers, long blue blouses and broad sword belts that fall from shoulder to hip diagonally.

"Your family name, Christian name, age, domicile, profession, nationality, sex and yearly income, if you please!" were the first words of this specimen.

"Give them," my friends insisted, "and you will be fined $2 at the worst. Refuse, show fight or run, and he will blow his whistle. Then the nearest of his brethren would blow his and come running; also country lads with clubs; also their mothers and fathers. The whole countryside could be stirred up in twenty minutes."

"What do these old soldiers do besides watching vineyards?" I asked.

"They watch the rural districts as policemen watch the town. My boy Harry wanted to go shooting rabbits. I bought him a hunting permit. The first day he had to show it to five or six of these *gardes champêtres*.

"We made a picnic party one day last month. When we had spread our cloth by the side of a nice creek, one of them took our names and addresses because we were trespassing on private property!

"They look after tramps, make notes from their papers and report them."

"What papers?"

"Every tramp, like every other citizen and foreigner who is not a mere tourist, has his papers. I have my passport and my stranger's declaration, stamped and countersigned by the Préfecture of Police in Paris. M. Dupont, my French teacher here, carries his birth certificate, certificate of military service, election card, last rent receipt, and a certified copy of his divorce decree."

"The latter by coquetry only, monsieur," said the French teacher. "My elector's card would be sufficient, it supposing the others."

"Do tramps have such papers?"

"They seldom have election cards, because they have lost the privilege by undergoing condemnations. Regularly they travel on their military booklet, showing they have done their service or been discharged as physically unfit."

When the old soldier had finished writing down the story of my life, there came up a stout and perspiring lady.

"The proprietress of these vineyards," introduced the *garde champêtre*.

"Madame," I said, "I want to buy grapes. I was examining your stock when this monsieur came up."

"Go to one of the fruit shops or grocers on the main street of Sceaux," she answered.

"They charge Paris prices; and their grapes have lost their virgin bloom. Indeed, they look jolted."

"Why not, seeing they have come from Paris?" said the lady.

"That is it. I want grapes fresh from your vines. I am here to take the grape cure."

"I am under contract to deliver every bunch in Paris," she said.

It was final; and in the whole countryside there is a like finality. The wife of my friend Brown says it was the same this summer with the strawberries—"though my poor George came to take the strawberry cure for rheumatism; he could not get a berry that had not come first from Paris!"

The Browns solved the difficulty by going to board in a hotel in the Valley of the Wolf, whose proprietor had some fine strawberry patches and no obligation to the middlemen of Paris. And as there are but two ways to live in Sceaux, this makes a third and perhaps the best.

One way is to find a furnished room and eat meals in the cake shop of the Main street. This is aristocratic, because even the great ones of the neighboring châteaux stop at the cake shop for refreshments when out driving.

Of hotels there is none; while to eat in the wine shops of the town marks one off at once as an offender against bourgeois social order. The other way is to take a week off in following false clues to find a private family. It is as easy to break into banks as into French families.

Even the old ladies who rent rooms without board want a special excuse to take you in.

"We will say that you have been recommended to me by your Paris doctor and that you are here to take the douches of the Etablissement Hydrotherapique!" said the first one we tried.

She would let her vast room, "overlooking, as it does, the Valley of the Wolf by day and far below by night the lights of Paris. It is a vast room running the width of the house; it would make a fine studio with its high lights."

"What do you ask for it?"

"What had you thought of giving?"

We did not take the room with the high lights when we found that it was the garret; but to this day, though I ask her often as a kind of exercise, she has not told me at what price she really holds it.

Here is another mark of northern France: the loyalty of the town to itself. No shop cuts prices. You cannot play one livery stable against another. No barber or druggist or shoemaker or grocer or laundryman or wineshop keeper underbids his brother.

In particular, the stranger cannot hope to buy at even the town prices. Take the wine shops of the Sceaux.

One little place around the corner from me would be thought a curious anomaly at home. The man is tough, yet a good father. The lady flirts, yet she is a good wife.

They sell drinks made up of industrial alcohol and poisonous essences; and yet they manage to preserve the best of manners in their customers. Their four little children play about the bar.

By accident I learned that their price for a *bock* (scant quarter litre) glass of beer was four cents. They had asked me six cents, the price of the swell cake shop.

"Mme. Flore," I said, "if you continue to charge me such prices I will go to the main street."

"That would not be right," she said, "to quit your neighbors!"

And that settled it. The prospect of losing me did not scare her a bit.

In the same order of ideas, the four barbers of the town have a queer Sunday custom. They will not work Sunday morning; yet they agree that one shop should be open.

To keep open in turn would be confusing to the customers; so the same shop, beside the Mayor's office, remains open every Sunday; and the four barbers with their journeymen, take turns in operating it!

Before we took to the cake shop for meals we actually found a private family, composed of a mother and two daughters, with a son who is a budding architect in Paris and who comes to stay with them from Saturday to Monday. Dewey, who was with me, wanted this man's room. What we found at this French hearth was an object lesson in the higher branches of skimping.

The lady started with the principle that when one breaks the family open to take boarders it must be to make a money profit, and not merely to help out the table. We paid her $8 a week board apiece.

At the first day's luncheon there were veal cutlets with fried tomatoes and delicious browned potatoes. The pretty one of the two daughters said:

"No veal."

Each of us got a tiny slice; and then there were two tiny slices over. We ate ours. They ate theirs, while the pretty one ate her tomatoes and potatoes.

"Will you have another slice?" the mother asked us.

The same thought came to Dewey and myself. "If I refuse, the pretty one will take veal after all." So we said No.

The pretty one did take a slice. And the next meal there was just one slice less.

Now you know why we eat at the cake-shop. We find that its prices are about the same as in the Boulevard des Capucines at Paris. This is why we think of moving to the hotel in the Valley of the Wolf.

It is on the way to Fontenay-the-Roses, by a shady road containing many a peaceful, rural tavern and café. Here is one with a *bosquet* and a tunnel.

"Waiter, bring us white wine. We would tarry in the *bosquet!*"

"Not this one!" Dewey whispered as he pulled me by the sleeve.

I took a peep. And saw an idyl. Holding hands, her head upon his shoulder, there sat at the rustic table a girl with her chosen one.

She wore no hat; which showed that she was a working girl. And she was weeping.

"Respect their sorrow!" mumbled the proprietor of the establishment. "The boy is going for his three years military service!"

He took us to another *bosquet*. We were hardly seated when up came to the table opposite two husky farmers and a strapping girl in bare arms, and all three merry. Before they had finished their third bottle merriment had reached the point of guying foreigners; and we departed to the singing of the "Marseillaise."

It is a thing we get abroad with regularity. At home, as is natural, we find the European emigrant delightfully comic. But can it be possible that we, well dressed, with letters of credit, guide books, appear ludicrous to these French farmers?

The Valley of the Wolf, I must admit, is a real pandemonium three days out of seven. The Browns used to go into Sceaux those days and eat at the cake shop when they did not profit to run down to Paris on some business.

"There is nothing very wrong about those young folks except that they are so noisy—and promiscuous," says Brown. "The ladies, in bicycle costumes, put their feet upon the table. They pitch quoits with the crockery. They swing rather high. They bawl their songs. They pound the table. And they go marching down the road, ten abreast, their arms around each other's necks. That is all!"

That is all, yet trips like these form the cherished reminiscences of half the Judges, statesmen, lawyers, doctors, painters and other professional men of Paris and all parts of France. How different is university life here and at home!

Still this is why we only think of moving to the Valley of the Wolf and still endure the Paris prices of the town cake shop. As things are, we mingle with the serious men of Sceaux and have our membership in the Sceaux "Afternoon Club."

It is a town composed of villas, but for the main street, on villas hid behind high walls of stone, with shade trees everywhere, as if built in a wood; a town with social lines drawn tight.

The pleasure of the workingman and artisan is to drink white wine, absinthe and bitters. The small shopkeepers take their pleasure in amassing money and in eating heavy Sunday dinners. The high ones of the villas sleep and read and guard their children jealously.

It is afternoon in the fine central Park of Sceaux. Ah, what a park! Do you see that old stone column? It is the tombstone of three little dogs belonging to the Duchesse de Maine, wife of a son of Louis XIV.

It was her park before the Revolution. Here she held her brilliant literary court, in which the Provençal poet, Florian, was a chief figure. Florian is buried in the churchyard, a stone's throw away; and once a year the Félibres, a society of southern poets, come to hang a wreath upon his bust and mourn the past glories of the spot.

It is afternoon in the Sceaux park, the old park of Penthièvre, where once the "Fines Mouches" made rhymes and conspired. Young girls sit with their *mamans* in the shade, their eyes cast down. Young men of their own villa rank come promenading past them gallantly. And the "Afternoon Club" opens its meetings!

Did you ever pitch quoits? Did you ever roll ninepins? The Sceaux "Afternoon Club" plays a game that might be made up from the two, were it not centuries older than either.

It is the ancient game of *boules*, from which the boulevard of Paris gets its name. You might call it rolling quoits.

It is a serious game, a serious club. The youngest native member is past 50 years old. They let the youthful stranger in because he is American.

# DOGS AND CATS AND RATS AT SCHOOL.

## Some Learn Tricks, Other Good Manners—Mixed Breeds the Most Intelligent.

Away uptown, where Broadway is tangled up in subway excavations, sandwiched in between a large apartment house and a small saloon, stands a frame house in which dogs and cats go to school.

There are classes of poodles, St. Bernards, collies, terriers, hounds and bulldogs. Some are there to be trained in tricks, while others are receiving simply instruction in good manners.

There are hours of work and hours of play, as there should be in all well regulated schools. Dogs big and tiny are trained to be methodical.

"Anything you can take up in your hands and fondle and can command and make obey can be taught almost everything except to talk," says the principal of the dog school.

And there are two or three dogs in his classes who can speak in dog language which is intelligible in a measure to human beings.

"My experience has taught me that the highest intelligence is found, not in thoroughbreds, but in mixed breeds," the principal goes on. "I have here a bull terrier, or rather, half bull terrier. His mother was a cross between a French poodle and full bulldog. His father was a bull terrier.

"Thus Billy—that's his name—is bulldog, bull terrier and French poodle. He is the most intelligent dog I have ever handled. He was given to me to train when he was only three months old. I rarely put a dog into class younger than that. Now, I will show you what Billy can do."

It was shown that Billy—who was named for the Hon. Mr. Devery—can walk on crutches and play blind man, keeping his eyes rolled up; that he can smoke a pipe and read a paper. Such tricks as sitting upon his hind legs, rolling over to play dead dog, saying his prayers and shaking hands are so easy to Billy that he rather resents merely being asked to do these things.

Ask Billy what will happen to the Democratic party. He will throw himself into an apparent fit, prance around like mad and then fall over, as though dead.

Ask him to play dude. He will hold his right paw up to have a tiny cane fastened to it, and he will bite it off if the business end is not turned upward. Then he will beg for a cigarette, and being supplied with these things, will parade across the floor with a most comical stride.

Billy sleeps in a bed of his own. His teacher is so interested in his progress that he gets up in the middle of the night to give him a whipping if he will not lie quietly in his bed.

"Let a dog have his own way once, command him once, and then give in to him, and it will be almost impossible to command his obedience after that," the principal tells you in explaining this phase of his devotion to Billy.

"Fox terriers are the keenest witted of all breeds. They are the quickest to learn; but they cannot be depended upon. They are too high strung and rattle brained.

"I have had fox terriers here that had been taught to do almost uncanny things, but, let some little thing happen to disconcert them, and all their training proves useless for the time.

"They get frightened at strange noises, and they are easily disconcerted. I should say the bull is the most evenly tempered and well poised of all the canine breeds."

The course at the dog school lasts from six weeks to a year. It takes about six weeks to teach dogs good manners. Most of the pupils at the dog school for this kind of instruction come from flats.

Many people who own fine dogs and desire them to acquire pretty tricks, but have not the patience to train them, send them to the dog school for a term. One of the most popular classes is that in which pets are trained to carry bags, umbrellas and canes. Most of these pupils are black French poodles.

In addition to dogs, the dog school has a department for cats, mice and rats, and, in fact, almost every kind of animal. The cats are taught to sit on their hind legs, to eat at toy tables and to carry their dishes. None of the higher class tricks known to the canine breeds is yet attempted in the feline department.

Rats and mice are taught to know and obey their masters.

## *RED HAIR'S INNING.*

### But the White Horse Seems to Have Been Forgotten.

*From the Kansas City Star.*

A happy inspiration was that which prompted the prize committee for the carnival bal masqué to encourage competition among the women and girls in Kansas City with red hair. In the first place, to the educated eye, there is nothing lovelier than red hair, and, in the next place, the sort of red hair that grows in Kansas City is especially fine and gorgeous. Its rich pigment is absorbed from the golden sunlight, which is practically perpetual in this latitude, and it rivals the richest coloring of which Titian has left any examples.

Matrons and maidens appear every day on the streets of Kansas City with the sort of splendid, burnished hair that causes a man with an artistic eye to turn around and take the second look, to which he is entitled by the law of the road laid down by the much beloved Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. To see a collection of these resplendent polls together vying with each other in generous rivalry, will be a feature of the bal masqué which no discriminating person will be able to regard with indifference.

There is abounding cause for felicitation over the progress made by the world up to the advanced point where red hair is no longer accounted a possession to deprecate and to rebel against. That sentiment belonged to a dark and benighted period intervening between the glorious efflorescence of Venetian art and the revival of æstheticism in these latter days. It is a hopeful token of the appreciation of real beauty that the popular actresses of the tragic and emotional drama wear red hair, which is associated with many of the imperishable romances of history.

The roseate blondes who may desire to compete for the prize at the carnival bal masqué may choose between a number of interesting personations—Lucretia Borgia, Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, &c. Helen of Troy must have had red hair to have made such a stir in the world, and even Cleopatra, for all her African nativity, has been embellished by tradition with that accessory to her other fascinations. On an occasion such as the bal masqué, there should be no grotesque association between red hair and white horses, even in the form of a "counterfeit presentment," though hobbyhorses often make their way to the arena floor at the carnival parties in Convention Hall.

The prize committee of the carnival bal masque is worthy of the most generous encomiums for devising a scheme by which it will be able to add a thoroughly fascinating and artistic feature to the festive event of next Friday night and at the same time extend encouragement to a by-product in Kansas City whose importance and value have never before been fully appreciated.

# THE SHE BEAR AND HER YOUNG.

## A Guide's Story of a Hunt in Which His Heart Failed Him at the Finish.

NORTH TWIN, Me., Oct. 17.—"The toughest thing I ever tried to kill and didn't," said Ben York, the veteran guide of the West Branch region, "was a bear, a measly, lean bear, with the hair all gone on her fore shoulders and her bones sticking through her skin in places, like a lot of axe-handles in a meal bag.

"More than half a day I followed her around Jo Mary Mountain, seeing where she had dug open the ants' nests for a lunch as she went by and where she had stretched herself up against a sapling firs and left her claw marks on the bark to frighten me with her size and the length of her reach.

"That's the way a bear always does when he's hard pressed. Instead of putting all of his cunning into trying to get away, he will spend time, which means life to him, in fool tricks to show off how powerful he is and how hard he will be to lick when he comes to close quarters.

"I drove that bear so hard that she took to a tree along in the afternoon. As near as I could make out she was just about discouraged in trying to live before I took up her trail, and by the time I had chased her twenty miles she was so hungry and weary with it all that she went up the tree expecting to die, but hoping to make the killing as difficult as possible for me.

"She was sitting on one limb, with her front paws hooked to another higher up, when I fired the first shot, and when the bullet went in behind her foreshoulder and came out from her neck on the opposite side, she gave a loud groaning grunt, which was partly from pain and partly from the satisfaction she felt in dying.

"I stood from under, expecting to see her drop. Instead of falling she moved about to the further side of the tree and began to gnaw off some lumps of spruce gum, which hung out from a broken bough.

"When she had made the gum all soft and plastic she pulled half of it from her mouth with her paw and slapped it against the wound in her side where the bullet had gone in. Then she treated the wound in her neck in the same way.

"If you had seen the look she gave me after she had performed this operation you never would try to shoot a bear in your life. You couldn't do it.

"Her eyes as much as told me she didn't give a rap for her life. She was thinking of two hungry cubs which she had hidden away in a ledge near Ripogenus Lake, and she was trying to stop the blood long enough to get home and inform the youngsters that she had striven to do her duty by them, though luck had been running against her ever since I dropped onto her trail.

"As it was, I sent another shot through her body in front of her hips, and saw her reaching for more gum. Then the sinfulness and folly of what I was trying to do came to me so strong that you could not have hired me to shoot again—no, sir, not for a thousand dollars.

"A week later when I landed on the shore of Ripogenus Lake to build a fire for dinner I saw a lean bear lying dead close under the rocky bluff. Though she had been cold and stiff for days, her cubs were still nosing her over in the hope of finding nourishment, and crying so loud that I took pity on them and shot one for dinner.

"When I went to pick him up and skin him, I looked at the dead mother and saw the lumps of spruce gum sticking to her sides. I then knew that she had gone home to die with her children.

"On the whole, I think she was the toughest and most resolute animal I ever had anything to do with."

# KING MENELIK IS A TRUST.

## ALL TRADE AND COMMERCE IN ABYSSINIA CONTROLLED BY HIM.

King Menelik of Abyssinia is the greatest of royal traders. As a trust magnate he can give American promoters cards and spades.

Throughout Abyssinia he is a whole trust in himself. He controls not one industry or one line of trade, but every industry and every line of trade.

He runs stores and factories, buys the products of the natives at his own price, and sells his European imports to them for whatever he chooses to ask.

Anybody can compete with the King, if he cares to try. Menelik does not object. He might send a file of soldiers and hale his trade rivals off to jail, if he chose; but he prides himself on being a civilized monarch, and he has a better scheme than that.

He is the Tariff Commission as well as the Lord High Everything Else in the country, so he can charge what customs dues he likes on the goods that his rivals import and exempt his own goods from similar duties. If, tired of importing, they try to become exporters, he puts them out of business with export duties, until they are glad enough to sell their stuff to him for whatever he cares to pay.

Most Kings think trade derogatory to their dignity, but Menelik holds different views, though he has a pedigree as long and a title as proud as any of them. He claims lineal descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and his royal title is "Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Menelik, appointed of God, Negus of Shoa and Negus Nagasti [King of Kings] of Ethiopia."

But though Menelik has such a giant's power in matters of commerce, he does not use it as a giant. When he buys goods from his people or sells to them he fixes fairly reasonable prices.

With all this Menelik cares nothing for wealth. He lives as simply as he did in his youth, when he owned nothing save his horse and his spear.

After the Italian invasion of Ethiopia—you must never call it Abyssinia in the country, for the Abyssinians loathe the name—most of the natives succumbed to a severe attack of "swelled head." They had crushed the Italians, and they thought they could easily do the same to any other invaders, white, black or brown, at any time.

But Menelik knew something of the power of the white nations, and also of their land hunger.

"At any moment," he reasoned, "I may have to face a far more serious attack. I must have money to arm my troops as the white men are armed. I must buy cannons and hundreds of thousands of rifles.

"There is only one way to get the money I need. I must take all the trade and commerce of my country into my own hands, and make all the profit there is to be made.

"It will not be too much for my needs, and it will be better for my country than letting white men make it and take it away to Europe with them."

That is why Menelik is really a merchant prince. The plan has worked well. His people stand ready to-day to meet an invasion ten times more formidable than that of the Italians.

Some foreign envoys have been unfortunate in their dealings with Menelik. They made the mistake of regarding him as an ignorant savage.

It is the custom in Abyssinia for all foreign missions to bring presents to the Negus. The French brought a lot of Parisian mechanical toys—sheep that squeaked, pigs that ran about on their hind legs and dolls that talked. They thought such things would be certain to tickle the fancy of a dusky King.

Menelik looked at them for a moment with disgust and rage, then he thrust them aside.

"Do you think," he asked, "that I am a child or a savage, that I should delight in toys?"

The Russian and English emissaries showed a truer insight into his character. They brought him Mauser pistols, revolvers and the latest and best rifles they could buy. He was delighted.

"These are gifts worthy to be received by a warrior and a King," he declared.

The influence of the Russians and English over Menelik dates from that lucky incident, but the French have always been badly represented at his court. After Kitchener's victory at Omdurman, the French at Addis Abeba assured Menelik that the English had been beaten, with the loss of 16,000 men.

When he heard the truth later, that Kitchener had crushed the dervishes with the loss of only 323 of his soldiers, he exclaimed in disgust:

"What liars they are!"

Since then he has never believed a word the French envoys have told him, and he always speaks of them with contempt.

Menelik is a truthful, straightforward, daring monarch, and he likes men of his own type. His fine qualities were shown in the dispute which precipitated his war with Italy and in the war itself.

Count Antonelli, an Italian envoy, wanted him to sign a treaty giving Italy a protectorate over his country. For hours the Count sat in conference with Menelik, proposing clause after clause of that treaty, only to have each one rejected in turn. At last, in despair, he said:

"Will you propose something then?"

Queen Taitu, Menelik's consort, who had sat silently by his side during the negotiations, replied:

"Yes, there is only one treaty which the Emperor of Ethiopia will make, and it needs only one clause. He will bind himself to the King of Italy never to give one inch of his territory to any foreign nation, and never to grant a protectorate to Italy, or any other European nation."

"That means war," said the Italian.

"I know it," replied Menelik, "but the Queen has spoken my mind. Go back to your King and tell him I am ready for the worst he can do."

The story of the war that followed is well known. All the world is aware that Menelik proved himself a capable General, but few people know of the humanity which he displayed at the great battle of Adua, in which the Italians were utterly routed.

With immense labor, he organized field hospitals and surgical help for the wounded of both sides. He went personally into the thick of the battle and brought in many wounded men under fire.

The Italian prisoners, of whom he took great numbers, had no cause to complain of their treatment. He even gave them pocket money to spend while they were on parole in his capital.

Years ago there was a long and terrible famine in Abyssinia. A pest killed off the cattle, on which the Abyssinians mainly depend for food, as they are the greatest meat eaters on earth. For three years, while the famine lasted, Menelik would eat no meat.

"Why should I enjoy plenty," he said, "while my people are starving?"

He formed large camps of his soldiers in the districts worst afflicted by the famine, and made the soldiers till the soil to provide food for the starving people. At first the soldiers scorned the work, but the Emperor went around to the camps and sowed and ploughed with his own hands, until he taught them the nobility of the task.

In the days of his youth, Menelik was a great fighter. He won his kingdom by the sword, and his title of "Conquering Lion" is no idle boast.

Since he became Negus Nagasti he has put down many formidable risings on the part of the Rases, or feudal chiefs, and has defeated, besides the Italians, the Egyptians, the Gallas, the Mahdists, the Mad Mullah and many other formidable foes. As the result of a stormy career, he has welded a set of quarrelsome tribes into a united nation.

He rises at 3 every morning, and goes at once to service in his chapel, for he is a devout Christian. If a sermon is too long for his fancy he tells the preacher to stop, like Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

At 6 o'clock in the morning he receives his secretaries and starts work. After he has transacted Government business he becomes a judge and hears any plaints which may be brought before him.

Menelik is fond of going about among his people in disguise, as the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid did. Once he found a high official mercilessly beating a slave.

He snatched away the whip and flogged the master until the latter fainted with pain. The next day he decreed that for a year the official should be the slave of his slave. The sentence was duly carried out.

At the end of the year Menelik made inquiries and found that the slave had not abused his power over his former tyrant. Thereupon, he set the slave free and gave him a high office in the Government service.

Europeans who visit Menelik are surprised to find that he knows all about them and their affairs and motives before they tell him anything. That is due to the elaborate system of espionage which he maintains throughout his country and at the seaports through which travellers have to pass.

An Englishman came to him once to seek for concessions. Menelik knew what he wanted, but asked courteously:

"What is the motive of your visit? Why have you come so many thousands of miles from your country?"

Thinking he would be diplomatic, the Englishman replied that he wanted to meet a great monarch of whom he had heard so much.

Menelik turned from him coldly.

"There are already too many liars in my country," he said. "You must leave Addis Ababa in an hour, and never return."

But straightforward Europeans are warmly welcomed by the Negus Nagasti and treated with courtesy and kindness.

When Rennell Rodd visited him to conclude a treaty on behalf of Queen Victoria Menelik discussed the art of medicine and surgery as if he were a doctor and expressed regret that, among his numerous presents, Mr. Rodd had not brought an X-Ray apparatus. Menelik entertained the envoy and his companions at luncheon, giving them a real European meal, served on fine china as correctly as at a London club. But the King fed abstemiously on raw beef and stale bread, which are all he eats.

Menelik stands about 5 feet 10 inches high, but looks shorter, because of his great breadth of shoulders. He is dark in face, and his features are negroid and decidedly ugly. He has a frank, open, intelligent countenance, a pleasant smile and a courteous, winning manner.

He is only 58. He has no heir, and when he dies Abyssinia, in the opinion of European travellers, will almost certainly fall back into chaos. He is about the only man in the country who really desires civilization and progress.

Menelik ascribes much of the success of his government to the wise counsel of his consort, Queen Taitu. Her stand against Italy is only one of many brave, patriotic deeds. Menelik is her fifth husband, but they are a very devoted couple. She is now over 50 and weighs nearly 300 pounds.

# ANANCY STORIES.

## Tales That Nurses in the West Indies Have Told for Generations to Their Charges.

### III.

### WHY HAWK EATS FOWL.

Long time ago, when de before-people lib, Fowl was Hawk's moder. 'Pon one day Hawk was going to him work an' him see poo' 'ittle Ground Dove playin' 'pon him flute an' singing so sweet, so sweet:

Fee, fee, fee, so ten-dah!
Fee, fee, fee, so ten-dah!

"Marnin', Massa Ground Dove," said Hawk.

"Marnin', sah," him reply. "An' how you is dis blessed day?"

"So-so, I tank you; so-so. An' how you? Hi! what a pretty ting you play 'pon you flute."

"You tink so, sah?" An' Ground Dove put up him flute to him mouth an' play again:

Fee, fee, fee, so ten-dah!
Fee, fee, fee, so ten-dah!

"Do, I beg you, len' me you' flute, Breder Ground Dove," Hawk begged. "It soun' so sweet, so sweet!"

But Ground Dove, him say: "No, Breder, I couldn' do it."

"Hi!" Hawk cry, "you mek trubble, na? I want fe mek me ole Moder Fowl he-ar you' flute."

"Cho!" say Ground Dove, "You tink you fool me, sah? You no know what de ole-time folk say, 'Spider and fly no mek good bargain?' I couldn' do it, sah! I couldn' do it."

Den Hawk see talk no use. So him spring 'pon poo' little Ground Dove an' tear up him feathers, an' mash him up wid him beak, an' leave him fe dead 'pon de ground. An' him tear away him flute from him t'roat, an' so go carry it home wid him.

An' when Hawk come to him house, him go to de hall to see de ches' of draw'rs dat stan' dere, an' him open de one draw'r an' de two draw'r an' de t'ree draw'r an' de four draw'r an' de five draw'r an' de six draw'r an' de seben draw'r an' de eight draw'r an' de nine draw'r an' de ten draw'r an' de eleben draw'r, till him come to de twelve draw'r; an' him put de flute in de twelve draw'r, an' den sit down to nyam [eat] him wittles an' smoke him jackass rope pipe.

Den him turn to him ole Moder Fowl an' him say:

"Grandie, if any pusson come to you an' ask you fe give him de flute dat me put in de twelve draw'r, you is not fe gib it him. Yerrie [do you hear]?"

An' him Moder say:

"Yes, sah; me yerrie."

Den Hawk, him say:

"An, Grandie, you mus' hab me breakfus' ready an' keep him hot fe me till me come back from me work in de field. Yerrie?"

"Yes, sah; me yerrie."

Den Hawk tek up him hoe an' him spade an him fork an' him whip an' him knife an' him machete, an' him go to him field fe work.

But all dis one time, poo' little Ground Dove had followed Hawk, an' him listen behind de door, an' hear where him put him flute.

When Hawk gone, Ground Dove crep' out saftly, saftly from behin' de door an' go into de house. By dis time Grandie Fowl done cook Hawk's breakfus', an' was sittin' by de kitchen fire smokin' she old jackass rope pipe.

"Howdy?" said Ground Dove.

"Howdy, dearie?"

"Breder Hawk sent me in fe tell you fe gib me him breakfus' fe carry to him in de field, an' de flute dat him put in de twelve draw'r, so him mek play an' sing."

But Fowl no caught so easy. Him say:

"Go 'long wid you, pickney! You tell me one big great lie. Me no gib you not a ting."

Den poo' little Ground Dove, him begin to cry, so soft an' tender an' pitiful.

"Modder Grandie, you tink a little ting like me could tell you such a great big lie? No, ma'am. Me couldn' do it; me wouldn' do it."

But Fowl jus' sit by de fire, scornful, an' smoke she pipe.

Ground Dove go on cryin'.

Fowl get angry an' say.

"Hi! Cho! Don' cry 'pon me. Go 'long wid you."

But Ground Dove, him still cry.

"Cho," said Fowl. "You too stupid."

But Ground Dove go on crying, crying as if him heart break.

"Hawk beat me too bad if I no bring him de flute," he say.

An' den at las' Fowl well frighten, an' she rise up and tek de flute from de twelve draw'r an' gib it, wid de breakfus' to Ground Dove fe go carry to Hawk in him field. Den Ground Dove dry him eyes an' put him flute to him mout' an' him play so sweet, so sweet:

Fee, fee, fee, so ten-dah!
Fee, fee, fee, so ten-dah!

an' so him leave de house an' fly 'way into de bush.

Goin' 'long, him nyam Hawk's breakfus', an' him tek de flute an' hide him under him wing till him come to where Hawk work in de field. Den him tek out de flute an' play, "Fee, fee, fee, so ten-dah!"

Hi! but Hawk well vex when him yerrie dis! Him t'row down him spade an' him hoe an' him fork an' him knife an' him machete, an' him cuss Moder Grandie fe a cra-cra, bogro-bogro, takro-takro, chaka-chaka, buffro-buffro, wenya-wenya nana [a careless, coarse, disorderly, clumsy, meagre old woman].

An' when him finish dese rude words him stalk away out of him field to him Moder Grandie's house.

When him got dere, him call out:

"Moder!"

But him Moder no answer. She 'fraid.

Den him walk into de house an' go to de ches' ob draw'rs, an' him open de one draw'r an' de two draw'r an' de t'ree draw'r an' de four draw'r an de five draw'r an' de six draw'r an' de seben draw'r an' de eight draw'r an' de nine draw'r an' de ten draw'r an' de leben draw'r, till him come to de twelve draw'r.

But him no find de flute dere.

Den him go to him Moder Grandie an' say:

"Hi! ma'am! where me flute an' me breakfus'? You gib dem to Ground Dove, na?"

Him Moder no answer. She 'fraid.

"Yerrie, ma'am? Where me breakfus'? Where me flute?"

Den him Moder fall down at him feet an' say:

"Sah! Did you no send little Ground Dove fe carry you' breakfus' to de field, an' you' flute fe mek you play and sing?"

"You fool-fool!" said Hawk. "Me nebber send nobody!"

"Warra! Warra! Me dead! Me kill! Hi! hi! Me die, fe true!" cried poo' Moder Grandie Fowl.

"You tief! you fool!" said Hawk. "You gib 'way me breakfas', ma'am? You shall be me breakfus'!"

An' den him pounce 'pon poo' Fowl, an' shake she an' tear she an' bite she an' nyam she, till she dead. An' den him eat she fe him breakfus'.

An' dis is why Hawk eat Fowl ebber since.

# S'POSE THE POT PUTS ON FEATHERS?

## A Situation in Draw Poker Not Covered by the Existing Code of Rules.

ADAM'S BASIN, N. Y., Oct. 17.—Poker authorities are being invoked to decide the ownership of a jackpot which was opened here three days ago. The community is divided into factions over the game, and the coming election will doubtless feel the effects.

The game was played in Lowry Thompson's dry house, and up to the last jackpot progressed harmoniously. Eggs at one and a half cents apiece were used as chips, and if six of the eggs had not incubated all would have been well.

Rollo Trueman is believed to be the cause of all the dissension Trueman had been playing in hard luck and had edged away four dozen eggs within an hour without having a single opportunity to play.

"If I had eggs enough to stick to the game I could even up," he declared as he lost nine cents' worth on aces up.

"Cleaned out, Rollo?" asked Thompson, who had won heavily.

"Not quite. Wait a minute." And Trueman ran out to his wagon and brought back one dozen chips.

"Fresh?" inquired Thompson, suspiciously

"I should say they was," replied Trueman.

It was a jackpot, and William Ferguson opened for three eggs, holding up sevens and deuces. Thompson boosted it an egg on jacks and trays.

Trueman knew it was make or break, and came in on two pair, sixes up. On the draw Ferguson failed to better, Thompson caught another three spot, Trueman didn't better.

"Bet you five," said Ferguson, and Thompson raised it one, just to coax the others.

Trueman saw, but did not raise. It had just come to Ferguson again when Trueman's horse, hitched outside, broke his halter and ran away. Thus far the three men agree in their versions of the game.

The trio dashed away from the dry house leaving the eggs on the table. What was their surprise on returning to find that six of the eggs had hatched. Six fuzzy bunches of yellow were trying to stand on their wobbly legs amid the ruins of their former homes.

"Great Scott!" cried Trueman. "The stove has hatched out six of my eggs!"

"Not by a derned sight!" retorted Thompson, warmly. "You said your eggs were fresh. The chicks are mine."

"Don't see how you make that out," expostulated Ferguson. "I hadn't called your raise or had a chance to raise you back. We'll divide 'em."

"Raised nothing," snarled Thompson. "I had you beat."

"Mebbe you would have quit on my boost," contended Ferguson

"See here fellows," said Trueman, "them was my eggs. I had a setting in an incubator out in my wagon. They was just the same as a promissory note.

"That setting of eggs represented fresh eggs. Now, I intended to put in just eggs. They turn out to be chickens. I was beat, but I have a drag of six chickens out of that pot.

"I'll go home and get the six eggs I owe. Good Lord! I bet eggs didn't I? We wasn't playing for chickens.

"It's just the same as if we was playing for a quarter and by mistake I tossed in half a dollar. I'd have the quarter drag, wouldn't I?" argued Trueman.

"The fairest way is to divide the pot," persisted Ferguson.

"Not by a derned sight!" protested Thompson. "I won the pot and all that was in it, eggs, feathers and all. That throws Ferg. out. You, True., deceived me. It's just the same as if you had a foul hand. No, sirree! I keep the feathers." And he did.

But Ferguson and Trueman have registered an oath that if a certain man runs for Highway Commissioner on Nov. 3 he will lose by as many votes as he won chickens.

# HOW HE BECAME A LAWYER.

## The Story of John Sherman's Admission to the Bar.

*From the Washington Evening Star.*

Gen. Jack Casement, the veteran railroad builder, who fought during the civil war with Gen. Sherman, whose statue is to be unveiled here this month, and who was his intimate friend until the latter's death, tells the story of John Sherman's entrance into the practise of the law, as related by his warrior brother.

When John Sherman was quite young he was taken into the law office of his brother Charles at Mansfield, Ohio, to help about the office and make himself generally useful. One day, when he was in his twenty-first year, he took Charles one side and quietly asked him for a loan of $50.

"What!" Charles exclaimed. "What do you intend doing with so much money?"

"I am going to Columbus to be admitted to the bar," John replied.

Charles was greatly surprised, as John had never asked him for any advice regarding the profession nor had he ever appeared to be interested to any extent in the study of law.

"You can't be admitted to the bar without some knowledge of the law," said Charles.

John maintained that he knew more about law than some others, and assured his brother that he would try and raise the money somewhere.

"You know," he added, "it will be necessary for me to have respectable clothes and enough money to pay my traveling and hotel expenses."

Charles finally ordered the clothes and provided him with the necessary money. At Columbus, on the day he became of age, John was admitted to the bar. On his return he said to Charles:

"I am going to Iowa to practise law."

Charles remonstrated with him.

"There is room for both of us to practise law here in Mansfield," Charles told him.

They then and there became partners and continued to practise together until the formation of the Republican party, when John was sent from the Mansfield district as its Representative in Congress.

Later he was elected to the United States Senate; and the balance of his life became a very important and interesting part of the history of his country.